

"You can't live three hours and tell the exact truth throughout that time without getting yourself into trouble!" said a gentleman to me a few days since. "I didn't flush, though I felt like doing; but soon recovered myself sufficiently to reason, 'see!' " "Does it judge all men by yourself." A provoking grin overspread his countenance as he said: "I repeat it; should you follow such a course you would be a fit subject for a lunatic asylum before night," and then he coolly explained. First he mollified my troubled spirit by saying he regarded me as the emblem of veracity, and when I murmured: "You flatter me," reiterated his belief. But the idea he wished to convey was that no person could openly express the dictations of their conscience without involving them in a scrape before long. "He had never in a day of his life," he said, "judged himself, but the instrument himself, but he would be pleased to have me do so. Oh, would he? Indeed? Well, I declined. But the iron of insinuation had entered my soul and I secretly resolved last week to attempt it for my own edification. It may interest the reader to know what were the results.

A hard crust is the best possible dentifrice. I never could get myself to believe in the natural necessity of tooth-brush. The African nations, the Hindoos, the natives of Southern Europe, the South Sea Islanders, the Arabs, the South American vegetarians in short, three-fourths of our fellow-men, besides our next relatives, the frugivorous animals, have splendid teeth without sozodont. I really believe that our decay from sheer disuse: the boarding-house *homo* lives chiefly on pap—wants all his meats soft-boiled and grows at cold bunsen or an underdone potato; in other words, he delegates to the cook the proper function of his teeth. I met one occasionally of old teeth getting a second, or rather third set of teeth. I met one of them in Northern Guatemala, and ascertained that he had become toothless during twelve years' sojourn in a seaport town and that he got his new set upon his return to his native village, where circum-

--An ancient and remarkable clock has been recently set up in the reading room of the municipal library of Rouen. A single winding keeps it running for fourteen months and some odd days. It was constructed in 1782, underwent alterations in 1816, was bought by Rouen for 1,000 francs in 1838, has recently been repaired and just set going.

And then the brute spread himself out on his back and in five minutes had her bathed in tears as visions of the home crept upon her.—*Detroit Free Press.*

But by its separation from the solemn character of the Druid festival, All-hallow Eve lost much of its ancient dignity, and became the carnival-night of the year for wild, grotesque rites. As century after century passed by, it came to be spent in the most dissipated and unwholesome manner, and the peasantantry, all the world over, filled the wastes and ruins, were supposed to swarm abroad to help or injure men. It was the time when those first dwellers in every land, the fairies, were said to come out from their grots and lurking places; and in the darkness of the for-

—During the August drought the foliage of an Ithaca (N. Y.) pear tree all dropped off, leaving the branches heavily laden with fruit, but entirely devoid of leaves. Recently new buds began forming, and at the present time the remarkable tree bears, besides its full average of fruit, which is nearly ripe, a profusion of blossoms and a new growth of bright green foliage.

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